ELLIS BARTLETT.

NOTES ON THE BURDETT-COUTTS MARRIAGE.

BY CHARLES T. CONGDON.

MR. BARTLETT AND THE BARONESS QUITE ABLE TO SETTLE THEIR OWN AFFAIRS-THE STAUNCH OLD FAMILY FROM WHICH THE BRIDEGROOM COMES -HIS FATHER AS A SCHOOLBOY AND A SCHOOL-

When I saw the collocation of names in the telegrams from London about the Ashmend-Bartlett-Bardett-Coutts marriage, my memory seemed to receive a kind of mysterious fillip. Two of these names were familiar to me in the political and the financial history of England. Indeed, everybody at all acquainted with the Parliamentary agitations of half a century ago remembered Sir Francis Burdett, the father of the Baroness, and how he was committed to the Tower and what a favorite he was with the London mob. Everybody knew about Courts's Bank. Everybody had heard of the Baroness, one of the wealthiest of Englishwomen; and these matters have been of late so much written about that I do not propose to say another word concerning them. People may go for further information to the political registers and the encyclopædias for all me. My special interest is with the American people, who are involved in this bymeneal botheration. I long ago ceased to trouble myself about mysterious or marvellous marriages, except in the comedies of the Restoration or in the novels of the time of Queen Anne. I read with perfect indifference of the projected union of the Baroness and of the American young gentleman who has become a British subject. People of the bluest British blood come over here and marry our New-York girls, and at my age it would be absurd if this in the least disturbed my equanimity. The height of benevolence is to wish that the bride's papa, through some mysterious Wall Street vicissitude, may not be floundering in the Insolvency Court within a brace of years. And as we are all so well bred as not to make a fuss upon this side when our pretty heiresses. are carried off, I do not see why they should not be equally civil upon the other side, I suppose that Her Majesty of England cannot eat the Baroness Burdett-Coutts even if she should try. It was never considered flat felony for an old Sir Peter Teazle to create at the altar a young Lady Teazle. Has no young man in England ever proposed to marry a venerable lady before ! Have discrepancies of age. of fortune, of position, always been so critically considered ! Looking at it in a philosophical, or, perhaps, I should say, in a chronological way, I admit that it is a little odd that a mere lad should marry au old woman, if there be an old woman in this world, of which I have some doubt. There may be affection and gratitude and a sense of obligation upon each side, which, after all, may be as consistent with happiness as that passion and pretty freazy which bring sixteen and fourteen together! Pray allow the Baroness and Mr. Bartlett to know best! I believe that there is no Act of Parliament to prevent their union. The Queen cannot put him in the Tower, as George the Third did Sir Francis, nor cut off poor young Bartlett's head, as Henry VIII. might have done if such an alliance had been attempted in his time. The clever young American may be awfully in love with her, for aught I know. Who of us all has not in his early days been in love with an old I should not have undertaken to speak of these

things, only I have a kind of sympathy with young Mr. Bartlett, whose marriage with the Baroness has been so much talked of. His father was one of my earliest associates and friends; and I here take occasion to say that there is no better blood in the world than the blood of the Old Colony -now Plymouth County, Massachusetts-and of this my old friend, Ellis Bartlett, had a plenty in his veins. It is quite as good as that of the Burdetts and some what better than that of the Dukes of St. Albans. I am in no position, as I write, for genealogical research, but I should be willing to proffer a small wager that the ancestors of Ellis Bartlett if it could be determined, were among those stern and stalwart men who made matters unpleasant for the Stuarts at Naseby and at Marston loor. I write this paper because the father of Mr. Bartlett, now so much mentioned, sat side by side by me, years ago, in the High School in New-Bedford, Mass., and helped me kindly in my first struggles with the dead languages. A tall, raw-boned youth he was then, destined for Amherst College, and preparing for his examination. He was destined also, it was understood, for the sacred ministry in the Congregational Church: and I believe that he was in some way, or was to be, a beneficiary of some educational society. We boys didn't know much about that, did not care much, for most of us were poor, and those who were rich were by no means the classical ornaments of our classes. What I remember mostly about my fold friend is that he was an excellent scholar. It all comes back to me now-how he who was a sturdy student, took me. n little follow, under his stout right arm, with a Cape Cod strength in it, and led me up and down thebank of the Scamander and under the walls of

He would not let me be idle. If I funked at recitation, he took me into some quiet corner as soon as we were dismissed, and admonished me with the color upon his Puritan cheeks. For he was then in dead earnest, whatever ideas of the best life might afterward come to him. For my own par: I thought him something wonderful. I recollect now that in my opinion he was the best writer of English prose upon this continent, and how I marvelled at the dexterous turn of his sentences, and was sure that when he came to preach in a pulpit of his own the sensation in the pews would be notable. So I was quite willing to enter into a scheme which once, during the play-hour, he broached to me. It was that we should meet during those summer days, at sunrise, at his own room, and there read Homer together. There was romance enough in the suggestion to tempt me into early rising; and so in the cool of the dawn, I went down to him with my little Homer and my big lexicon under my arm, and with thoughts of Achilles and Hector, of Priam and Andromache in my head. I am told that these sons of my early friend are excellent scholars-better. doubtless, with their Oxford training, than we were; but I wonder if they do not owe something of their success in England to a eleverness and a persistence inherited from their father.

My friend Bartlett went to one college, and I went to another. Our paths of life which ran so closely at first, pretty soon widely diverged; and we never saw much of each other afterwards. We will not quarrel with youthful friendships because they last no longer. They go with the fine fragrance and the subtile vitality of the first years. My old associate preached a little, I think, after his graduation: dropped out of preaching as so many do; dropped into commercial transactions of which I know little; and died somewhere in middle age, leaving three children, of whom so much has been lately said, and especially this child, who has engrossed for several months the attention of the British press and of a considerable portion of the British public. Something I have heard, in a private way, of these proposed nuptials, The mother of this young man, as I chance to know, was of an excellent Philadelphia family not likely to be made arrogant even by an alliance with the heiress of a great London banker. For it must be remembered that the Baroness has no particularly ancient blood in her, but comes mainly, and altogether so far as fortune is concerned, of plain merchants or bankers, like those of Boston or New-York. What brought the widow of Ellis Bartlett with her boys to London, and how she became the intimate friend of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, I do not know, and do not care to know. So much, however, in the shifting vicissitudes of human affairs happened, with such aftercome as the Fates may Suchsafe. Both boys are cleverone of them is in Parliament, thinking occasionally, I hope, of his father upon that stormy Plymonth corner of Massachusetts, fishing sometimes, and then selling the product of the fishery about the town. Member of Parliament, consort of a faroness, master of millions stering, object of the salousy of Queen and aristocracy, talked of and written of, he has no occasion to be ashamed of the same line; after which he causes her to de-Baroness, master of millions sterimg, object of the lealousy of Queen and aristoeracy, talked of and

that father for whose sake I have written thes

STORIES OF GAUTIER.

From " French Men of Letters." Gautier was a superstitious coward. He would rather starve than dine at a table where thirteen were seated. He carried charms and coins on his watch chain to guard against people with the "evil eye." He believed that Oflenbach, the composer of opera boufle, possessed this malignant power, and could not be forced to pronounce his name even when he got some one else to criticise the composer for him in order not to incur his displeasure. To him everything was a cause of death, and the Deity was a malevolent power planning our destruction.

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When heart disease showed itself his family examined all the newspapers coming into the house in order that he should not see their comments, as it was of the first importance that he should not know the nature of his malady. He soon ceased asking for them, saying there was nothing in them, until his family relaxed their vigilance, and he, who had pretended indifference, had managed to secure all the newspapers. Next morning he appeared at breakfast with pale and distorted face. "Sc I have heart disease?" he asked "Heart disease? What an idea, dear papp." said one of his daughters. "After all, I imagined it was so," he rejoined, and from that day gave himself up as a dead man.

He was so near-sighted, and made so many mis-

He was so near-sighted, and made so many mis He was so near-sighted, and made so many ma-takes in the street identifying people, that he gave it up, and no longer bowed or lifted his hat. One day Saint-Benya entered the editorial office of Figuro with his hat seemingly glued to his head. "Are you wearing Gautier's hat "asked Villemes-sant, the editor. The sarcasm was so clever that it became a by-word for impoliteness.

THE HUSSAR.

Minny, reach me out your hand,
'Tis a true pledge, understand,
Love is our eternal lot;
Mind these words," Forget-me-not."
Minny, I will think of you
Till this sabre snaps in two.

I am steeped in misery; Without thee my life is lost All the summer long in frost. Lizey, I will dream of you

When to the parade I go. Fanny absent, all is wee; In my heart love's arrow burns Till the moment she returns. Though this sabre snaps in two, Fanny, I will think of you.

Last night, I'd a dream of thee, Mary, if you'll credit me, You had loved me dearest, best, Chosen me from all the rest. Mary, I will think of you Till this sabre snaps in two,

Had I in this world the gold of King Crossis, ay, twice told, Would it be as dear to me, Sweetest, as the love of thee !—
Bessy, I will think of you
Till this salve salve. Till this sabre snaps in two.

Kitty's little sugar mouth Kitty's fittle sugar mouth
Stops love's very keenest drouth.
Ritty (don't let people hear)
You must be my wife, my dear.
Kitty, I will think of you,
Till this sabre snaps in two.
Walter Thornbury.

UNCOMMON PLEAS.

From Chambers's Journal.

Like the wife-beater who averred that his helpmate commenced hostilities by throwing water
and other combustibles at him, orienders often
holdly take the ball by the horns and justify their
wrong-doing. A woman brought before the magistrates at Weston-super-Mare for stabbing an nged
dame, proclaimed that the prosecutrix was an old
witch, who had, "harrided" her and her husband for
two years, coming to her house and groaning at her,
till she could not stand or do anything. Pressed
as to whether sne saw the witch anywhere near
when she was taken that way, she confessed that
the old woman was not always present at such
times; "at least not bodily, but she came in a
masty spiritual way, making a masty noise", but
since she had "scratched" her, she had not
troubled her much. The plea, extraordinary as it
was, so far availed that the witch-scratcher got of
with a shilling fine.

A more impudent plea was that put forward
by an Irish tramp for robbing a miser.
"Shure, your Worship," said he, "an' we're
to be supported.

A more impudent plea was that put forward by an Irish tramp for robbing a miser. "Shure, your Worship," said he, "an' we're tould in the Bible that the way for a man to get to heaven is to sell all he has an' give the money to the poor; an' this mean old cratur'nd never have done that of his own accord. So I just helped him on the good road mesself, an' sould all I took, an' gave the money to the poor according. Anyhow, I gave it to meself, ye see; an' faith, I'm as noor as a starved-out robin."

Anyhow, I gave it to meself, ye see; an' faith, I'm as poor as a starved-out robin."

More frank than impudent was Patrick Murphy, who appeared at the Dubin Pelice Court in consequence of taking the liberty of clearing a grocer's till of its contents without the owner's permission. He looked so dejected that the magistrate, thinking he had a repentant subject before him, resolved to improve the occasior; and the following edifying improve the occasior; and the following edifying colloquy ensued: "It's a sad thing to see a young man of your age fall into evil ways. Haven't you a family to look after you?"

"The praties thimselves are not more numerous."

"And have you any employment?"

"Shure ivery hour was illegantly divarted."

"And I presume you had prospects, and hoped to rise in the world?"

"Thrue for you your fi

"And I presume you had prospects, and hoped to rise in the world I"
"Thrue for ye, your Honor. I expicted to lave ivvery mother's son benathe me."
"And now," said the magistrate, "you've lost character, prospects, everything, and all for five-pence-farthing."
"Shure now, your Honor, that wasn't my fault at all at all," said the victim of circumstances.
"It wasn't "queried the magistrate.
"No, your Honor. How was I to consave that there'd be only a dhirty foivepence-farthing? Shure, an' didn't I clane out ivvery blessed cant I could foind?"

STORIES ABOUT THE MINUET.

From The Cornhill.

Louis XIV. became extravagantly fond of it, and brought it into fashion by dancing it at Versailles in 1660. But the period of its greatest glory and influence was the eighteenth century. In Italy a certain Monsieur Dufort was one of the most celebrated teachers of the minuet; and Monsieur Liepig received incredible ovations for his performance of that dance at the theatre of San Carlo in Naples, daying the century of 1773. Several female during the carnival of 1773. Several female dancers made large fortunes by the minuet. The name of minuet was applied in the eighteenth century to a certain species of air, in three-four time, which was sung in the opera; and still signifies a melody with a special rhythm and movement familiar to all musicians. One Gennaro Magri, who melody with a special rhythm and movement familiar to all musicians. One Gennaro Magri, who wrote just about a century ago, styles himself "Maitre de ballet of the royal diversions of his Sicilian Majesty, and of the Royal Military Academy." And he assures us that of all dances the minuet was the most noble, and cught to be learned by all, even by the military (i). From Magri's official title of "Dancing Master to the Royal Military Academy," it would seem as though his Sicilian Majesty had not neglected this part of his army's education. The same writer discourses of his art with an amount of fervor and a minute attention to details which betray his undoubting belief in its importance. The rules about the belief in its importance. The rules about the minuet alone would fill a volume. But we may lay before the reader Magri's five indispensable requi-sites for making a good figure in the minuet. These are namely: "A languishing eye, a smiling mouth an imposing carriage, innocent hands, and ambi-tions feet."

Toward the middle of the last century, there died in Paris a dancing master, named Marcello, who may be called the genius of the minuet. His lessons were extremely dear, and eagerly sought atter. He treated his subjects with a profundity and solemnily, and his pupils with autocratic arrogance. There was a whimsical contrast between the pompous elegance of his outward bearing and the extremely rough and blant utterances to which he treated his noble scholars. He would make a lady a bow, expressive of high-bred courtesy, and call out the next moment: "Duchess, you waddle like a goose! Stand upright, do! You have the air of a servant-maid?" or "Prince, what are you about? You look like a street-porter!" But no hody rescuted these specches, for Marcello was privileged to say what he chose. In his later years he relinquished teaching the minuet, and devoted himself to what he cailed "the most subline part of his art," mamely, la reverence. He taught two hundred and thirty-six different species of bow and hundred and thirty-six different species of bow and Toward the middle of the last century, there died privileged to say what he chose. In his later years he relinquisized teaching the minuet, and devoted himself to what he catled "the most sublime part of his art," namely, la reverence. He taught two hundred and thirty-six different species of bow and courtesy for the two sexes, each of which expressed the condition, and frequently the mood, of the person who made it. There was the court bow, the city bow, the bow of a young gentleman sto his equal, the minister's bow, the bow of a young lady in church, on the presentation of her fiancee, etc. Courtesys on presentation at court were taught at twenty-five louis d'ors the course! During the lesson Marcello represented the king, and took care to comport himself with all the overwhelming majesty belonging to the part, with a view of strengthening the nerves of his pupils for an interview with the Grand Monarque in person. It may be safely assumed, however, that magmificent as was Louis XIV., he was not so magnificent as Marcello. Dufort, in his essay "On Noble Dancing"—published at Naples, 1728—consecrates one entire chapter to the minuet; describing its whole ceremonial with scientific minuteness. But here is a somewhat less verbose description, taken from a work published during the most acute period of the passion for this dance:

"The cavalier takes his lady by the hand, and

scribe a circle around him, which brings her back to the same spot whence she started. They then cross each other during four or five minutes, looking at each other as they pass, and ending with a profound genuflexion; the whole gravely, and without laughing, since the minuet in Enrope is the most scribus diversion known in society."

The authod of an amusing and erndite monograph on the minuet, Count Alessandro Moroni, observes that the missic of the minuet obtained its best effects from the long-drawn endences and pauses, which were ithen a great novelty. Formerly the precise contrary had been the case. Not only had music been a torrent of notes, but dancing had become a mere twinkling of legs! and the tours deforce of agazity in song had introduced the same taste into the dance. It was reserved for the phlegmatic minuet to put an end to this whirlwind of vocal and terpsichorean difficulties, and to restore calm to the legs, and peace to the throats, of the performers. Thanks to this new fashion, dancers were dispensed from running after the notes, and imitating the trills of the voice with the tips of their toes. And thus, too, foreigners were no longer able to declare to the Italians, "qu'ils gambaderent comme leur chant,"—that they capered with their legs as with their voice!

ROMANCE OF LITERARY DISCOVERY.

From Temple Rar.

The most interesting treatise which Cheero has bequeathed to us was discovered annd a heap of refuse and rubbish near Milan, by a Bishop of Lodi, early in the fifteenth century; and the only valuable manuscript of Doscorides was, when found in a similar state, "so thoroughly riddled with insects," writes Lambecius, "that one would have scarcely stooped to pick it up in the streets had one seen it lying there." Had the insects been able to enjoy a heartier meal, the "botany of the ancients" would have been almost a blank to us. Livy—or, rather, what remains of him (for out of 142 books we have, alas, only 35)—was picked up piecemeal. Thus part of the fourth decade was found in the cathedral church of St. Martin at Mayence; another portion, containing books 41 to 44 in an out-of-the-way coroner in Switzerland, while part of book 91 was found lurking under the writing of another manuscript in the Vatican. One of Horace's Odes (book iv. ode 8) was found sticking to an early impression of Cicero's "Offices," though not of course a unique impression, still the earliest we have. Part of the "Odyssey" of Homer, i. e., three hundred lines of book 18, was found grasped in the hands of a mammy at Monfalout. A very singular discovery in the fifteenth century created for the moment the impression that the lost books of Livy were on the point of turning up again. The tutor of a French nobleman, the Marquis de Ronville, chanced to be playing tennis. In the course of the game he noticed that his racquet-bat was made of parchment which was covered with writing. He had the currosity to aftempt to decipher it, and in a short time he discovered that it was a piece of historical Latin prose. He was a good and widely read scholar; he saw that the style was the style of Livy, and as soon found that the fragment was evidently part of the lost books. He instantly hurried off to the nacquet-maker. But all was in vain, the man could only tell him that he had failen in with a mass of parchment, and that all the parchment had long since be

For the preservation of the celebrated digest of

the Emperor Justinian we are indebted to some Pisan soldiers who came upon it amid the débris of a city which they had besieved and taken in Ca-labria; and the preservation of the "Ethiopica" of Heliodorus, a Christian bishop of the fourth cenactity which they had beseeved and taken in Calabria; and the processwall of the "Beliadorus, a Christian bishon of the fourth century, is bittle short of mirneulous. During the sack of Ofen in 1526, a common soldier saw a mannactiply ing in the streets, begringed with dirt and trampled under the feet of his comrades, who were intent on plundering the houses. Noticing, however, that it was riedly bound, he picked it in and conveyed it into Germany, where it was shortly afterward printed, and became one of the most popular romannes of modern times. Not less singular was the resone of the works of Agobard, a learned prelate of the ninth century, who has left some valuable details about the times in which he lived. A scholar named Masso chanced one afternoon to enter a bookbinder's shop in Paris. Noticing that the man was about to cut up a mass of mannacript, he begged leave to inspect it. He some saw its value, and saved the good bishop from oblivion. Before we leave ancient literature to come to more modern times, we must notice two other curious methods of discovery. Not many years ago Cardinal Mai, the eminent failan scholar, had observed that behind the writing of many methods of the compositions inscribed on them, and used the parchment of their own purposes. His suspicious were sone confirmed. A microscopic examination enabled him not only to discern, but even in many cases to deceipher, the original letters, and thus arcose some of the most interesting literary discoveries of modern days. Behind the letters of a history of the Conneil of Chalcedon he discovered the epistics of Fronto and some of the orations of Symmachus, and behind the riture of the orations of Symmachus, and behind the riture of a commentary of Saint Augustine on the Psains, he made the glerious discovery of a mannaceript to the long lost work of Cieerothe "De Republica" –a work which in pto the Psains, he made the glerious discovery of a least one-third of the long lost work of Cieerothe "De Republica" –a work which has personnel to tha history of the Goldine War, by Procopius, trans-lated it into Latin and passed himself off for the original author. Thus there is good reasen to believe that Petros Aleyonius transcribed into a treatise of his own whole para-graphs from the "De Gloria" of Cicero, and then made away with it that his base plaguarism might

graphs from the "De Gioria" of Cheero, and then made away with it that his base plagfarism might not be detected.

Everyone knows how Sir Robert Cotton rescued the original manuscript of Magna Charta from the hands of a common failor who was catting it up for patterns. As this copy was certainly not unique, we should only have had to regret the loss of a carriestity. The valuable collection of the Thurloe state papers would probably have remained a secret to the world had it not been for the tumbling in of the ceiling of some old chambers in Lincoln'. Inn. where those documents had for some reason or other been concealed. In the secret drawer of a chest the curious manuscripts of Dr. Dee, the occult philosopher, larked manuscripts of Dr. Dee, the occult philosopher among English classies, were found in the faise bottom of an old trunk. Lord Herbert of Cherbury's antobiography was all but lost to the world. It was known that when Lord Herbert of Cherbury's autobiography was all but lost to the world. It was known that when Lord Herbert died there were two copies of the work, one written with his own hand, and one transcribed by an amanuensis. But neither of them could be found. At last in the midst of a mass of worm-esten, mouldy old papers at Lymore in Moutgomeryshire, a gentleman came upon the original copy. Several leaves had been torn out, many others had been so stained by damp as to be all but illegible. Enough could be deciplered, however, to snow the value of the work. The only hope was that if the duplice's could be secured, it might supply the lacanæ of the original. But years rolled by and no duplicate tunned up. In 1737 an estate belonging to the Herberts was sold. Some few books, pictures and lumber were stored away in an attic, too worthless, apparently, for the purchaser to take away—and lo! among these was found the long-lost and much apparently, for the purchaser to take a way—and he among these was found the long-lost and much-desired duphcate. And thus did English literature possess itself of one of the most interesting autobiographies it can boast. Indeed, the late Lord Lytton used to say that there was no single book, of this kind at least, that he treasured so highly. Still more romantic was the discovery of Luther's "Table Taik."

In the year 1626 a German gentleman named Casbarus van Sparr was engaged in building a new house, the foundation of which was based on a cot-tage which had formerly belonged to his grand-lather. In the course of their evcavations the worklather. In the course of their eveavations the workmen came upon a small square parcel wrapped in
strong linen clots, which had been carefully plastered all over with beeswax. On opening and examining the parcel, a volume was discovered. And
this volume was Luther's work, the only copy in existence. It had evidently been buried by Van
Sparr's grandfather to escape the penalty of an
edict issued by Rudolph II, at the instigation of
Pope Gregory XIII., making it death for any one to
possess the work. The loss of this book would
not only have deprived us of a work which is in
itself singularly interesting, but we should never
have understood the character of the great reformer
half so well, never have known his rich humor, his
shrewd, genial spirit, his tender-heartedness, never
have known what he was when surrounded by his
fimily and his friends. A man's public life is a have known what he was when surrounded by his family and his friends. A man's public life is a poor test of his private worth, and letters are a poor substitute for the records of familiar conversation. If we are to believe an old commentator on Dante, one of the cantos of the "Paradiso" was drawn from its lurking-place (it had slipped behind a window sill) in consequence of an intimation received in a dream.

"AND HE DIDN'T SEEM TO LIKE IT."-Newlymarried Husband (jocularly): "Well, dear, if there is a smash on the line, you're well provided for. I've made my will, you know." N.m. Wife (playfully): "Yes, love; but don't you think you'd better run and zet an insurance ticket for the largest amount you can l-it would be so handy to buy the mourning; black always did become the so."—Fun.

The pupils had got as far as the word "hypo-crite." None of the children could existin what it meant. One guessed that it meant "big feeling," and another thought a "hypocrite" was a "big animal that wallers in the mud." So the teacher explatned: "A hypocrite, children, is a person who proteins to be what he is not; such a one may be pleasant to your face, but speaks ill behind your buck." "Please, marm," cried a little boy easerly, raising his hand, "then my pa am't a hypocrite, 'esnise he said you was a confounded old maid, and he'd just 's lives tell yet so to yer face!" —(Boston Transcript.

HOME INTERESTS.

THE MARKET.

FISH IN PLENTY-POOR VEAL-VEGETABLES-BUT-TER NOT SO SCARCE-THE SUPPLY OF FRUIT. Fish were a little cheaper yesterday, as the supply was larger than during the previous week. Striped bass were 25 cents a pound, and Spanish mackerel from Long Island were the same. Halibut was 18 cents, and blue fish, haddock, cod, sturgeon and Lafayette fish were all 8 cents a pound. Pompano was the most expensive at 75 cents a pound. Frozen salmon was 45 cents and lobster 10 cents. Soft crabs were 50 cents to \$1.25 a dozen. Hard crabs were \$3 a bundred and crawfish \$2 50 a hun-

The prices of beef are unchanged. Prime veal has been scarce, and a few particularly mice "lots" were yesterday sold above quotations. There is a very large quantity of poor veal effering. The dry weather in Trogs, Cortlandt and other counties in that region, which includes the best " calf section' of this State, has cut off the supply of feed, and farmers are compelled to market their stock long before it is in condition to be sold. Many calves are soid here at a cent and a half or a cent and threequarters a pound live weight, and are taken to New Jersey and other adjacent States to be fed into good

Jersey and other adjacent States to be fed into good condition for the winter market. Hindquarters of prime yeal are 14 to 16 cents a pound; common yeal 8 to 12 cents. Forequarters are 6 to 10 cents.

Hindquarters of spring lamb are 13 to 15 cents a pound; forequarters 10 to 12 cents. Hindquarters of mutten are 10 to 12 cents. Hindquarters 7 to 9 cents. Chops are 12 to 16 cents. Porter-house steak is 23 to 25 cents a pound; sirlom, 16 to 18 cents; roasting beef, 12 to 18 cents. Sweetbreads are \$1.50 to \$3 a dozen. Ham, smoked or pickled, 14 to 15 cents a pound; and bacon 14 cents. Larding pork is 13 and 14 cents, and pork tenderloin 15 cents.

ing pork is 13 and 14 cents, and pork tenderloin 15 cents.

Philadelphia chickens are 22 cents a pound; fowls, 16 to 18. Long Island and Jersey chickens are 18 to 20 cents a pound; fowls 14 to 16 cents; tarkeys and ducks are 18 cents a pound. Squab are \$2 and \$2 25 a dozen; woodcock, \$1 25 and \$1 37 a pair, and blackbirds 25 cents a dozen.

There is more good butter in market than at last quotations; the best creamery sells at 30 cents and State dairy at 28. Cheese is scarce, as experters are clearing the market at the wholesale prices of 12 and 124 cents for the best; fine cheese is 15 cents at retail. American cheeses have been so of 12 and 124 cents for the best; fine cheese is 15 cents at retail. American cheeses have been so scarce that a good deal of English dairy cheese has been sold at 20 to 22 cents a pound. There are comparatively few eggs in market and tho prices have rises. Those from Long Island and Jersey are 25 cents a dozen; State and Pennsylvania, 23 cents. Lard is 12 cents a pound.

Green corn is now sold at 20 to 25 cents a dozen ears; egg-plants are 10 to 12 cents each; squash 4 to 6 cents. Sweet potatoes are 30 to 40 cents a half-peck; Irish potatoes 20 to 25 cents. String beans are 15 to 20 cents a half-peck, and Lima beans 25 to 30 cents. Tomatoes are 5 to 8 cents a quart.

receipts of peaches vesterday were very arge, but the quality was far from being extraordi-ary. Prices ranged from 40 cents to \$1 a basket ome especially fine Crawfords were sold at \$1.25 a basket, and in small quantities at 8 to 15 cents a quart. The quality of the apples offered constantly grows better, and the quantity in market grows smaller. They are sold at 30 to 40 cents a half-bushel basket. Pears are 50 cents to \$1.25 a basket. Choice Bartletts and Seckles are 25 cents

small shoes of any shape and fry in boiling laid.

SARATOGA POTATORS are prepared with a little cabbage cuiter, which shaves off a large tair notato slices of fairy-like thinness. Put the slices for a few minutes on ice or in cold water. Try your boiling hot lard with one slice to see if it colors properly; if all 1951, put in a few slices; when of a delicate yellow color, skim them out upon a tin plate with your perforated in ladle, sprinkle over them some line sult and put them in your dish. They are as good cold as hot.

MACAROON CUSTARD, - Scald a quart of milk on MACABOON CUSTAIN, Scand a quart of mirk on the fire and add to it a cup of sugar. Soften two large macaroons in a little sweet wine, and add to the mirk. Then put in four well-beaten eggs and stir the whole about for a moment. Then pour the castard into cups and bake in the oven in a pan half-full of boiling water.

CHICKEN A LA CREME.—Cut the chicken up, stew in a pan of water and done then the chicken up.

in a pan of water until done; then make a thicken-ing of cream or rich milk and flour, seasoning with butter, pepper and sait. Have ready baked a pair of shortcakes, made as for pre-crust, but rolled thin and cut in small squares. Lay the crusts on a dish and pour over them the chicken and gravy while all are hot. This is a delicious substitute for chicken

PUFFS .- Beat very light the yolks of six eggs; add a pint of milk, a pinch of salt, the whites of the ezgs beaten to a troth, and flour enough to make the batter like thick crenm. Bake in cups in a quick

COCOANUT CARE.-Take half a cup of butter, a cup of sngar, two eggs, half a cup of milk, half a tenspoon of soda and a whole one of cream of tartar; two scant cups of flour. Bake in three jelly cake tins. Ice the cakes and while the icing is still soft cover thickly with grated cocoanut. Pile the cakes together and cover the loaf with cocoanut.

TOMATOES AU GRATIN.-Dip the tomatoes in hot water, and peet them; cut them in half; rub a baking tin with garlie, butter it, lay the tomatoes in it side by side, and fill each half with the following composition: Two parts of breadcrumbs, one part mushrooms finely minced, a little parsley chopped fine; pepper and salt to taste; put a small piece of butter on each. Bake for ten or fifteen minutes and serve. and serve.

in a coffee-cup of wine over the fire; add the juice and the grated peel of one lemon; when the gelatine has dissolved put in a coffee-cup of white sugar. Let it cook slowly strain it and add 1½ pints of rich milk; stir until it is cool and then pour into a mould previously wetted.

pour into a mould previously wetted.

ROGNON DE BEUF SUPERBE.—Take a nice beef kidney, remove all the fat and skin, and cut it in rather thin slices. Season with salt, nutmeg, cayenne, and chopped parsley, and, if you can get it, eschalot. Fry the slices brown over a quick fire. Then make a nice brown gravy, add a glass of Madeira, and pour it into the pan with the meat. Let it boil up, throw in a spoonful of lemon juice, and a small piece of butter. Pour the whole into a dish and arrange about it croutons of freed bread.

To Pres Presents—Dup them a minute in bot. TO PREL PEACHES.—Dip them a minute in hot water, then in cold, and the skin peels off readily.

POTATOES SAUTEES AU BEURRE.-Cut the pota-

Potatoes Sautees au Beurre.—Cut the potatoes with a vegetable cutter into small balls about the size of a marble, put them in a somepan with plenty of butter and a good sprinkling of salt; keep the sameepan covered, and shake it occasionally until they are done, which will be in about an hour. Pouter a La Marengo.—Cut up an uncooked fowl as for a frienssee, and fry the pieces in olive oil, with a bruised clove of garlie, pepper, salt, and a fagot of sweet herbs. Take three table-spoontuls of the oil used in frying the fowl, add some minced mushrooms, a little shallot and parsley, also finely minced, a glass of whife wine, as much stock (free from fat) as you want, sauce, pepper and salt to taste. Let the sauce toil a few minutes; dish up the pieces of fowl, pour the sauce over, and serve.

Veal Croquettes.—Take some cold yeal, remove

the pieces of fowl, pour the sauce over, and serve.

Veal Croquettes.—Take some cold yeal, remove carefully all fat and outside parts, and mince it finely; melt a piece of butter in a saucepan, add a little flour, stir; then add a small quantity of stock and the minced meat with some parsiey, finely chopped; season with pepper, salt, and a little powdered spices; stir well, and as soon as the mixture is quite hot remove it from the fire. Best up and strain into a basin the yolks of one or two ergs with the juice of half or of a whole lemon, according to the quantity of mince; put two or three tablespoonfuls of mince into the basin; mix them well with the egg and lemon; then add the whole to the rest of the mince; mix well, and turn it out on a dish. When cold, fashion it in breadcrumbs to the shape of cerks, taking care to make them all of a uniform size; then roll them in egg, and again in bread-

crumb. Let them dry a short time; then fry in plenty of hot lard, and serve with fried paraley.

THE WARDEN, OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

The Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports generally holds the office of Constable of Dover Castle. Walmer Castle is the residence of the Warden, and it was a favorite seat of the Duke of Wellington when he held the office. Great shoals of mackerel sematimes congregate in the vicinity, and a few years ago a tale went the round of the London papers of one of these shoals being entrapped by two lucky fishermen; the men could not haul it in except by slow and not easy stages, while the fish were, of course, escaping by scores in all directions; a passer-by volunteered his assistance, and in the end a noble haul of mackerel was landed. The grateful fishermen pressed their helper to accept half a dozen, and he left with a string of these fish in his hand, remarking that he had earned his breakfast. Much was the amazement of the proprietors of the nets when a companion joined them, and said that the party in the shooting-coat going toward, Walmer was Lord Granville, the Warden of the Ports.

The office of Warden will probably be abolished in the course of time, for it certainly does seem a little singular that not only have the duties imposed on the burgesses become obsolete, but the ports themselves are now for the most part stranded on dry land far a way from a haven.

SPENCER F. BAIRD.

Proof The Washington Republic.

The Professor is a tremendous worker. Probably no man in Washington works harder. He keeps two or three stenographers, and for four hours in the morning he dictates reports, letters, instructions, and scientific articles. His correspondence is very large. The Institution has its agents in every part of the world, and the foreign correspondence is very heavy. The work of the Professor can be done by nobody else. Professor Baird's hobby, next to fish and birds, is electric scells and burglar alarms. His house is strung fall of wires and batteries. Every window and every door in the house has its special wire and burglar alarm, and it is said that one cannot move about the house without setting a dozen bells a-ringing.

The building for the new National Museum, an immense structure, covering over two and a half acres of land, now being builf in the grounds of the institution, is under the supervision of Professor Baird, General Sherman and Peter Parker, but it is easily to be seen that Professor Baird is having his own way in the premises, for the wires are going in by the hundreds in every part of the great structure. There are to be over a hundred rooms for experiments and preparing articles for exhibition, etc., to say nothing of the grand exhibition rooms. All are to be spider-webbed with electric wires. I believe every case for snakes, standed birds or what-not is to have an alarm, so that nobody can steal the snakes, etc. This museum, by the way, will be a great thing for Washington. It will be the largest in the country and the most raried and interesting in its character. A year hence it will be the largest in the country and the most raried and interesting in its character. A year hence it will be the host interesting place to visit in Washington. Professor Baird, in addition to his electric machines, has an anemoneter on the top of his house to recisfer the wind. A rod from the top connects with a dial in the basement.

Professor Baird has been, and is yet, a great Professor Baird has been, and is yet, a great wafker. In all the expeditions he has made he has never ridden a horse. He always goes afoot from the base of supplies, and has often walked ten or twelve hours a day. His endurance is a matter of envy to all who know him. He can do more work with less farigne than any man who ever went with him. With age he is growing stout, and can't weigh less than 220. He looks like a farmer walking about the streets with his gray clothes and slonch hat. He scufts along without noticing anybody, and walks as though the weight of his orains pulled his head and shoulders down. He has great magnetism and the people about the Institution are strongly attached to him. His habits are simple. He goes out to dinners and receptions half a dozen times during the season. He retires early and rises early. He is temperate in his eating and drinking. He never goes to a theatre, a concert, or a lecture. He says that in the first place he don't want to go, and that in the second place he knows he would go to sleep. All the leisure time he has dittle it is believe me he comploys in novel reading, and his favorite paper, strange as it may seem, is the New-Fork Ledger.

MADRIGAL (1602).

Give Beauty all her right,
She's not to one form thed;
Each shape yields far delight,
Where her perfections bide:
Helen, I grant, might pleasing be,
And Rosamond was as sweet as she.

II.

Some the quick eye commends,
Some swelling fips and red;
Pale looks have many friends.
Through sacred sweetness bred.
Meadows have flowers that pleasure move,
Though roses are the flowers of love. III.

True Beauty is not bound To one unmoved clime; She visits every ground, And favors every time,
Let the old loves with mine compare,
My sovereign is as sweet and fair.
Thomas Campton.

CHARLES V. AND THE ACTORS.

CHARLES V. AND THE ACTORS.

From Wylle's History of Protestantism.

In those days truth could sometimes be spoken to Princes in a figure, when it dared not be told them in plain language. One day, doring his stay at Angsburg, as Charles sat at dinner with his lords, a message was brought to him that some comedians wished to annes him and his guests. Instant permission was given, for the request was in accordance with the manners of the age, and excited no suspicion. First an old man, in a doctor's gown, totlered across the floor, earrying a burden of sticks, some long, some short. Throwing down the sticks on the hearth in confusion, he turned to retire. On his back, now displayed to the courtiers, was the name—John Keuchlin. A second mask now entered, also attired as a doctor. He went up to the hearth, and began deftly arranging the sticks. He worked assiduously for a little while, but, despite his pains, the long and short, the crooked and the straight would not pair; so giving up his task, with a sardomic smile on his countenance, he made his exit. Charles and his lords, as he walked out, read on his back—Erasmus of Rutterdam. The comedy was beginning to have interest. A third now entered; this time it was a monk, in the freek and cowl of the Augustines. With keen eye and firm step he crossed the hall, bearing a brazier filled with live coals. He raked the sticks together, not waiting to sort them, put a coal underneath the heap, blew it up, and soon a blazing fire was roaring on the hearth. As he withdrew he showed on his back—Martin Luther.

The plot was thickening. A fourth appeared—a

up, and soon a blazing fire was rearing on the hearth. As he withdrew he showed on his back—Martin Luther.

The plot was thickening. A fourth appeared—a stately personage, covered with the insignin of empire. He gazes with displeasure at the fire. He gazes with displeasure at the fire. He gazes were an another than the fire of the state of the more fereely they blaze. He strikes again and again; the flames mount higher and the red sparks fall thicker around. It is plain that he is feeding, not quenching, the fire. The mask turns and strides across the hall in great anger. He has no name, nor is it necessary; everyone divines it, though no one utters it. Yet another—a fifth! He comes forward with solemn and portly air. His robes, which are of great magnificence, are priestly. He wears a triple crown on his head, and the keys of St. Peter are suspended from his girdle. On seeing the fire this great personage is seized with sudden anguish, and wrings his hands. He looks round for something with which to extinguish it. He espies at the further end of the hall two vessels, one containing water and the other oil. He rushes experit to get hold of the appropriate the water. one containing water and the other oil. He rushes eagerly to get hold of the one containing the water; in his hurry he clutches the wrong vessel, that filled with the oil, and empties it on the fire. The fire blazes up with a fury that singes his priestly robe.

nd compels its unfortunate wearer to escape for his afety. The comedy is at an end. The nuthers of safety. The comedy is at an end. The nathors of this play rever came forward to receive the praise due to their ingenuity, or to claim the pecuniary reward usually forthcoming on such occasions. They doubtless held it would be reward enough if the Emperor profited by its moral. "Let thy girts be to thyself," said the prophet, when he read the writing on the wall of the King's palace. So said the men who now interpreted in the Palatinate Palace of Augsburg the fate of the empire and the papacy.

A REVOLTING RACE.

From The Manchesier Times.

In a work entitled "The Great Navigators of the Eighteenth Century," Jules Verne gives the following account of certain islanders called the Orotehys: The huts of these islanders, who call themselves the Orotehys, are surrounded by a drying ground for salmon, which were exposed to the sun apon perches, after having been smoked for three or four days at the stove, which is in the centre of the but. The women who have charge of this operation take them, as soon as they are smoked through, into the open air, where they become as hard as wood. The natives joined us in our fishing with nets or hooks, and we saw them voraciously devouring the head. natives joined us in our fishing with nets or hooks, and we saw them voraciously devouring the head, gills, and sometimes the skin of raw salmon, tearing it up very cleverly. They sucked out the mucilage much as we cat oysters. Their fish seldom reach the shore without first having paid toll, unless the catch is very large; and the women show the same engerness to selze upon the whole fish, and in the same ravenous way devour the mucilaginous parts, which appear to be their tidbits.

These people are revoltingly dirty. It would be impossible to find a race further removed from our ideas of beauty. In height t ey are less than four feet ten, their bodies are emaciated, their voices are weak and shrill, like children's. They have projecting check-bones, bleared and sanken eyes, large mouths, flat noses, short and almost beardless chins, and clive skins shining with oil and snoke. They allow their hair to grow long, and dress it somewhat

in the European style. The women wear it loose over the shoulders, and the description we have given applies to them as well as to the men, from whom they are scarcely to be distinguished, except for a stight difference in their apparel. The women are not subject to any labor, which, as in the case of the American Indians, might have accounted for the inclegance of their appearance. All their time is occupied in cutting out and making their clothes, in drying fish and nursing their children, whom they suckle to the age of three or four years. It rather astonished me to see a child of this are, who had been shooting with bow and arrows, bearing a deg, etc., throw himself upon his mother's bosom, and take the place of an infant of five or six months who was lying asleep upon her knees.

THE MISERY OF PEZONS, THE PAINTER

Pezons is still remembered in French art circles as a painter of talent and the author of some excellent tableaux de genre. In an unfortunate hom Pezons reproduced the mage of a Pierrot, and that painting to the Salon, where it was much as the painting to the Salon, where it was much as the tion of the public to the new picture. The loannal declared that Pezons was the writtest painter in Paris, and his future was at once marked out. He was doomed to reproduce his Pierrot not once, nor a dozen times, but on every occasion. He was put down as the portraver par excellence of the white-faced, linen-clad clowins, and nothing elses with his mane could be shown without his being told that he had allowed his better judgment to err, and that he would do much better to keep to the one subject for which his vocation had evidently fitted him. Acasteurs who wanted a tableau signed by the fashionable artist, and dealers who were ready to buy, besieged him with demands for more Pierrots. He told them that he could paint inadespea, soldlers, brigands, sin u glers, and that his brush was far more versattic than anyone infagined, but an increduious smile was the only reply, and the interview concluded with an order for another Pierrot. The unkindest cut of all was administered to the unfortunate Pezons by an equaintance named Guerinean, who had kept a caff and restaurant which the artist had frequented when he was a struggling student in the Latin quarter. Some fifteen years afterward Guerinean professed the lease and good-will of a caff in the Avenus vieton. He sent for his old friend Pezons, showed him his new premises, and told him that he intended to give him an order to do the painting, which were to form an art gailery which would attract the public and achieve the repatition of the artist. Pezons than painting which would have nothing but Pierrots. The artist even when he thought he could appropriately decorate the walls of the cafe. He had imagined landscape, oriental scenes, tableaux de peque, etc., but Guerineau insis

THE BOY GUIZOT.

From The St. James's Gazetta.

He was born in 1787, and seven years afterward his father, still a voung man, was one of the victims of the Reign of Terror. Madame Guizot, a woman of extraordinary vigor and independence, took her two sons to Geneva, where they led "a hard and simple life." Guizot attended the lectures of the best professors, took lessons in riding, swimming and drawing, and, "in accordance with the teachings of Rousseau," learned the trade of a joine. He was so devoted to study that his companions would "pull his hair or pinch his arms without ever succeeding in making him raise his eyes"; and more than once "his coat-tails remained in the hands of his persecutors." At the age of eighteen he began to sindy law in Paris, but his ambition was to devote himself to literature. His mother would not for some time consent to any change in his plans; and it was time consent to any change in his plans; and it was the consent to any change to his place; and the characteristic of his loyal and affectionate nature, that he would not follow his own inclinations without her sanction. At last she gave her permission; and he was soon hard at work on several schemes which brought him into contact with the best liter-

and he was soon hard at work on several schemes which brought him into contact with the best literary society of the time.

However numerous and pressing his engagement might be, he maintained an uninterrupted correspondence with his mother, and his letters to het are among the most interesting he ever wrote. "It is my duty," he says, "to currait as much as pessible all correspandence that is not absolutely necessary. You know as well as I do that this does not include my correspondence with you—it is necessary to both of us. I delight in repealing this by you. God grant that your belief in my words may be as deep as their truth! You are constantly in my thoughts, my dear mother; your grief harlows me more than I can tell. I would give half my life to restore some of your lost courage and happiness. Poor, dear mother; There is no one who more fully understands the word that you suffer from I I am naware of the impossibility of ever filing it up; nothing can repair your loss. Nothing can make up or console you for it. I am perfectly estain that no sen ever loved his mether more than I love you, but I have no hope of filling my fether's place in your heart; in that relation there is a charm, a perfect union, which is above every other; its pleasures and its ties can be compared to nothing else. . . . Continue to speak to me of my father, of your grief, of the things which made his happiness; but let me have the power of somewhat alleviating your sorows. If I ever do any real good, the consolation that it may afford you will be my sweetest recompense. I ask you this for my ewn sake, for my own happiness."

SNOW-SHOEING IN NORWAY.

Prom Blackwood.

Of all the bodily exercises I know of, there is more in my opinion that can come up to snow shoring, as it is done in Norway. Skating is nothing compared to this sport. What can equal the splendid sensation of flying across the deep snow at the rate of many miles an hour, without hardly moving a muscle! And then, going down hill, staff in hand, no exertion necessary other than to keep the balance, while gliding softly but swiftly on ward. Unite the Canadan snow-shoes, these ski (pronounced shere of these.) while gliding softly but swiftly onward. Unake the Canadian snow-shoes, these ski (pronounced shed of the Norwegians are often folly twelve feet long, curving apward at the prow, and are not broader than three or four inches. Throughout the whole length they are provided with a groove for the parpose of keeping them from slipping when rong at an angle do windle. Although by no means slow when used across level ground, it is vet do windle that they are most effective for their long length and roser polished under-surface on the frozen snow cause a speed more like flying than any other material know of.

The inhabitants of Telemarken, in the south of Norway, are the most efficient sky runners; and at

The inhabitants of Telemarken, in the source Norway, are the most efficient sky runners; and at the annual competitions at Christiania, generally bear off the prizes. At the competition there in 1870, one of these men leaped, according to a local newspaper, a distance of thirty Norwegian alea, of faily sixty feet! Into this country it will not be possible to introduce them, as of course there would be dittle or no opportunity for using them—the snow never lying long enough, or becoming sufficiently deep.

STREET CRIES IN DAMASOUS.

From The Churchanga (New York).

The tuneful rattle of metal cups announces that the vender of raisin-water, or of some snow-cooled beverage, is at hand, and we hear his cry, such as "Refresh thy heart." A hawker of noseguys trips up and calls, "appease your mether-in-law" (i.e., by presenting her a bouquet). A thun slice of wheaten oread, slightly buttered and covered with grape syrup, is proclaimed as "food for the swallows" (i.e., for delicate girls). Well-reasted nats are trumpeted as "mother of two fires," and the common brown loayes with "O giver of sustenance. Jars, like those of the forty thieves, filled with pickied fruit and vegetables, are thus extolled: "If an old woman eats she will be young next morning." An act of charity is to engage a carriet to dispense cold water gratuitously, and he intones his service of love with "O thirsty ones, the distribution"—an intoning approved by all grades of Moslem Churchmanship. From The Churchman (New York).

"FOILED ' BUT A TIME WILL COME!"-'AIT rolled: BUT A TIME WILL COME! — All fwho is down with his gal for the day): "B'ye see was that is I it's Foosciem, the celebrated patter. Letyes and me stand where we are, and he'il put us in the prince prings." Artist (after a panse): "Confound yes, ic, can't you move a bit one way or the other!"—[Judy.